THE VOYAGER

A Grandfather's Timepiece, A Family's Memory

Rado Voyager — Vintage Watch

Object Documentation

The watch sits in my father's cupboard, its gold casing dimmed by decades but its heart still ticking true. It is a Rado Voyager, and it has a story older than me.

My grandfather bought it in Dubai, back when a trip abroad was rare and precious — the kind of journey people saved years for. He wasn't a man who spent easily on himself, but the moment he saw the Voyager gleaming behind glass, something in him decided this would be his one indulgence. He wore it home on his wrist like a quiet triumph, and from that day, it never really left him.

It became more than a timepiece. It was there on his wedding anniversaries, at family weddings, on ordinary Tuesday mornings when he'd wind it carefully before stepping out for his walk. Everyone in the family knew — if you wanted to find Grandpa, look for the watch first; he was rarely far behind it.

When he passed away, the house grew quieter in a hundred small ways, but the silence around that watch felt different. Nobody said much about it. My father simply picked it up one evening, turned it over in his palms for a long moment, and put it away safely. He never wore it out casually, never let it gather dust either. Every few months, he'd take it out, wind it, hold it up to his ear just to hear it breathe again — the same way his father used to.

I asked him once why he kept it so carefully instead of just keeping it as a memory.

"Because," he said, "some things aren't just objects. This one still remembers him."

And so the Rado Voyager rests on, ticking quietly through generations — Dubai's gift to my grandfather, and my grandfather's gift to all of us.

— Shaikh Munaazz Abdul Wajid